No te vayas, no te vayas, si me dejas
Que yo sin ti no puedo estar.

Do not leave, oh, do not leave fair Zamboanga,
Forget me not, forget me not, my dear;
Do not leave, oh, do not leave, for if you leave me
E'en Zamboanga will be sad and drear.

Zamboanga is without question the most beautiful city in the Philippines 5 that is, if Baguio be cancelled from the list 5 but Baguio is a temperate-zone city placed by Providence in the tropics, while Zamboanga is of the tropics. Travellers who have wandered all over the seven seas say that there is no other place in this mundane world which compares with Zamboanga in interest or in beauty. They are right.

Many times going back and forth from the States I have welcomed the stop at the friendly oasis of Honolulu, Hawaii. Thrice have I passed through the South Seas to Thursday Island, to Raratonga in the Cook Islands, to Papeete in Tahiti, to Suva in the Fiji Islands, and to Pango Pango in Samoa. Twice have I journeyed to the East Indies, to Macas-ser and Menado in the Celebes, to Sandakan in Borneo, to Palembang in Sumatra, to the Garoet region in Java, and to Bali. Zamboanga equals any of these earthly paradises. The visitor who finds Manila tropically disappointing cannot help but be enchanted with entrancing Zamboanga.

Across the opalescent waters slip the Moro vintas with painted sails like giant butterflies. The shore as far as you can see is lined with coconut palms in which nestle little Moro villages propped up over the water. A wharf pokes its nose impudently out from an old Spanish town. Lies

before you Zamboanga, quaint and picturesque, gleaming beneath her palm and almond trees—the Zamboanga which an American journalist from Los Angeles called "an orchid blossom on the edge of a star-splashed, tropic sea." A stage-setting for a light opera. The kind of tropical town you see in the movies.